



PUCK

EASTER

RANKIN MANNING



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THE PRICE OF PEACE.

THE BRIDE.—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget—
THE COOK.—Then, bedad, Ma'am, let me hear no complaints!

A GREAT LADY.

HIS is the Queen of Nonsense Land,
She wears her bonnet on her hand;
She carpets her ceilings and frescos her floors,
She eats on her windows and sleeps on her doors.
Oh, ho! Oh, ho! to think there could be
A lady so silly-down-dilly as she!

She goes for a walk on an ocean wave,
She fishes for cats in a coral cave;
She drinks from an empty glass of milk,
And lines her potato trees with silk.
I'm sure that fornever and never was seen
So foolish a thing as the Nonsense Queen!

She ordered a wig for a blue bottle fly,
And she wrote a note to a pumpkin pie;
She makes all the oysters wear emerald rings,
And does dozens of other nonsense things.
Oh! the scatterbrained, shatterbrained lady so grand,
Her Royal Skyhighness of Nonsense Land!

Carolyn Wells.

HIS WISH.

WIFE.—If I don't wear something new on Easter, I won't all the rest
of the year.

HUSBAND.—For heaven's sake don't, then!

IN TIME, no doubt, the Filipino rebels will be reconstructed, but it
won't be easy to do it if they get in the way of the rapid fire-guns.

THEIR MISTAKE.

EDITOR'S WIFE.—Wake up! There are
burglars in the house, John!

EDITOR.—Well, what of it? Let them find
out their mistake, themselves!

NATURALLY.

FIRST THIEF.—What did yer do when
they yelled, "Stop Thief?"

SECOND CRIMINAL.—I did n't.

GETTING BIG.

TOWNE.—And, so, Lonesomehurst is growing
rapidly, eh?

SUBURBANITE.—I should say so! Why, it already has an East
Side and a West Side!

SOME SEATS in the United States Senate are said to cost twice as much
as others—a palpable injustice.

SPAIN MAY be effete, but it is n't everybody who can get twenty millions
for letting go of a red-hot poker.



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DURING THE QUARREL.

MUGSEY.—If you was n't a girl I'd punch yer head!

MAY.—Dat's all right! If you're lookin' fer fight I've got lots of
gen'lmen friends that 'll 'commodate yer!



HYMNE OF MABEL

TWICE I MET fair Mistress Mabel;
First I saw her sit and pour
Defily at the dainty table
Where I asked for "one cup more;"
Pink and white her fair complexion;
Gowned in white and pink was she;
She was like a sweet confection
When I met her at the tea.

When again I saw my lassie
She was radiant on the links;
There I saw her swing her brassie,
But I missed those whites and pinks,
For her face was brown and ruddy
And her gown was rough and free,
And her little boots were muddy,
When I met her at the tee.

Not the smile reserved and fleeting
That she grants one when she pours,
But her hand in hearty greeting
Did she give me out of doors;
Then no more in fear I tarried
(Teeing calls for sand, you see!);
Straight I asked; and now we're married;
And she suits me to a T.

Frank Roe Batchelder.



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THE LAST HOPE GONE.

"My dear," asked Mr. Figgars, looking up from his wife's accounts which he was auditing, "do you remember the name of the arithmetic you studied?"

"Why, let me see," replied Mrs. Figgars, thoughtfully. "No; I don't believe I do. Why?"

"I was just wondering," explained the brute, "if there was anything about it you did recall."

APPRECIATION.

The lilies in the chancel nodded
As she stepped down the aisle,
And murmured softly to each other:
"Now, that is really style!"

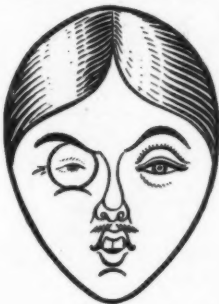
WHEN HE talks in his sleep is about the only time a man can get his wife's absorbed, undivided attention.

WE HAVE no objections to curls for a boy, provided the boy hates them.

A DIMPLE makes a woman an optimist; a wrinkle, a pessimist.

SOME EASTER EGGS:

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CHOLLY.



THE AFRICAN.

FLATS.

"I understand you've moved into a three-room flat."

"Yes; a seven-room flat is n't large enough any more. With my family I can't afford so much space for partitions."

HER EASTER GIFT.

LEWIS.—Beattie is the meanest man on earth! I bet him a new hat one day last week; lost the bet, and to-day I received a bill of thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents for the hat.

CLARK.—Great Caesar! How's that?

LEWIS.—He let his wife select it.

A SUPPOSITION.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE USHER.—There are a couple of hayseeds in the second row that have brought their lunch.

MANAGER.—I suppose they think this is a Wagner cycle.

IT IS an awful shock to find that we have been polite to people who were not worth it.

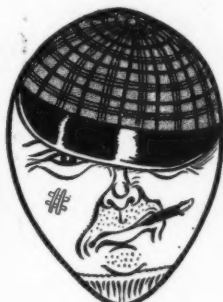
NO WOMAN is ever quite so old as her dearest friend says she is.



JOCKO.



OUR HEBREW FRIEND.



BOWERY BILL.



HIS LORDSHIP.



HER FATHER.



WEARY WILLY.

FRANK ROE BATCHELDER.

A CROSS-EXAMINATION.

JUDGING BY the light of recent events the utility of a cross-examiner lies in his genius for asking the same question in the greatest possible number of different ways. This being so, ladies have a higher claim than ever to be admitted to practice at the bar. For instance:

"Are you sure you love me?"
 "Of course I'm sure —"
 "And will you love me always?"
 "Forever —"
 "But you may change some day."
 "How could —"
 "Oh, yes! You might meet somebody you would like better."
 She disentangles herself from his embrace and resumes:
 "You never loved anybody but me?"
 "Never!"
 "And you never, *never* will love anybody but me?"
 "Never!"
 "No matter how nice she may be?"
 "Who? — she?"
 "Oh! some other girl you might meet, you know."
 "But there never can be anyone but you."
 "Oh! you say that now. But how do you know you will love only *me* always?"
 "I'm sure of it. I could n't —"
 "Oh! but you could, now! Suppose you never met me?"
 "But I did meet you."
 "And you fell in love with me so easily! How do I know you won't fall in love with some other girl just as easily?"
 "That other girl won't be you."
 "She may be nicer than me!"
 "She could not be nicer —"



THEIR DISCOVERY.

"How is it that Clara and Jack do not play golf any more? It was their constant occupation last Summer."

"Yes; but they became quite confidential and found out that they played only because each thought the other liked it."

"You think so now; but will you think so always?"
 "Always."
 "And you will never think anybody nicer than me?"
 "Never!"
 "Then you really do love me very, *very* much?"
 "More than —"

And so on until Papa turns off the gas at the meter, by way of a silent hint that it is growing late.

J. P. Coughlan.

A SKEPTIC.

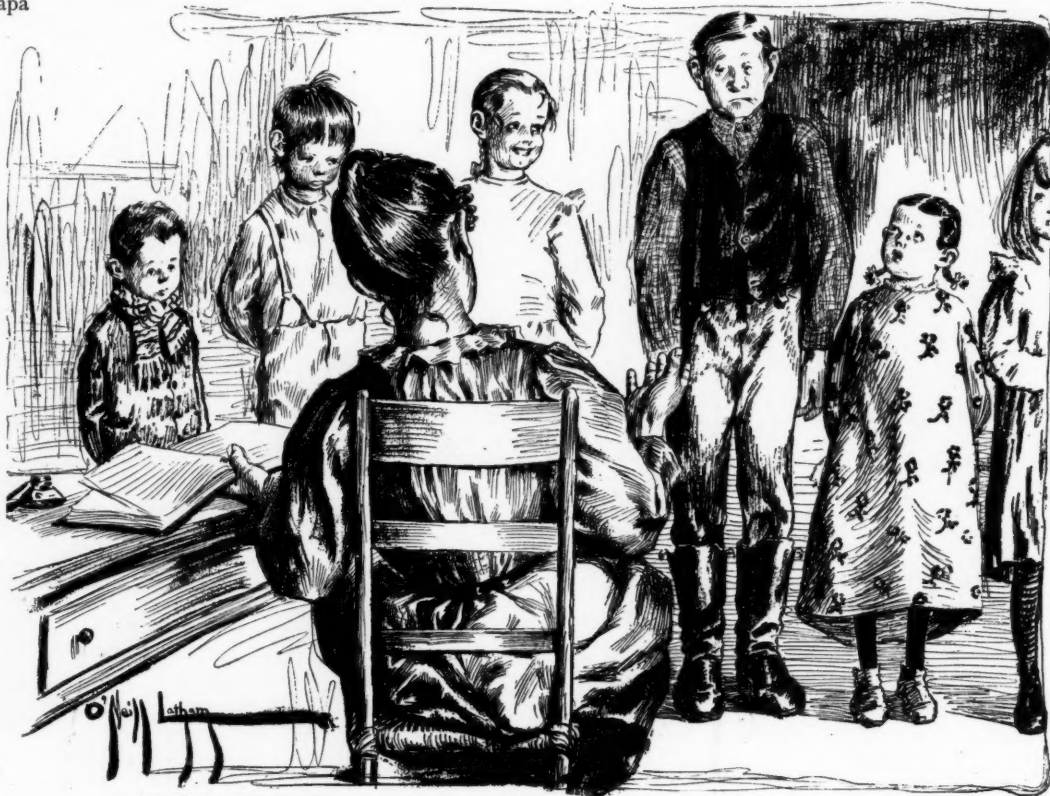
"Have you any prejudice against circumstantial evidence?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, to tell ye the plain truth," answered Uncle Josh, who was being examined as a talesman, "I seen a professor of magic last week, an' the things he did, b'gosh! 'd make ye doubtful of any kind of evidence."

"HOOT!"

"Papa, why does the owl hoot?" asked the little Sparrow, one night.

"Oh! I suppose he thinks it's Scotch dialect," replied the old Sparrow, bitterly; for he was tired of being kept awake.



HIS OPINION.

TEACHER. — Why, that's easy! You understand simple addition, don't you?

PUPIL. — I don't know of any kind that's simple, Ma'am!



HIS CHOICE.

MR. ISAACS. — Mein sohn, vich would you radder haf, if some von offered to gif it to you, a seat in der United States Senate or a seat in der Stocks Exchange?

ISAACS, JUNIOR. — Vhy, a seat in der Senate, Fader; it gosts more!

NEIGHBORS.

"It is my ambition to have my neighbors say of me, when I am dead, 'He did his best!'"

"Truly a laudable ambition!"

"If I thought any of my neighbors would say of me, 'He done his best,' I'd move to morrow!"

HE BOASTS.

SAM. — I'll bet yo'd be askeered ter walk unner a ladder.

PETE. — Gwan! I'd walk unner t'irteen ladders!

THEY MOVE OUT.

"We never have any trouble with a next-door piano."

"Why not?"

"Henry has a bagpipe."

THE MOST terrible thing about the folding-bed is its being ornamental.



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A CHOICE ARTICLE.

SAILOR.—Want to buy a parrot, lady?
LADY.—Does he swear?
SAILOR.—No; dis one don't; — but if yer want ter pay two dollars more I kin get yer a very choice article wot curses beautifully!

A MERITED FATE.

BUT WHY did you kill him?" said my friend, the rector, in an aggrieved tone; "and right in the busy season, too?"
"Why, what difference does that make?" I asked.
"I'll have to lose half a day at his funeral," complained the rector.
"Well, I'm sorry," I conceded; "but that's better than my losing my reason."
"Was it as bad as that?" asked the rector.
"Worse," I replied; "not only that, but he was slowly and surely starving me to death."
"Why, how?" exclaimed the rector, lifting up his eyebrows incredulously.
"He was a food fanatic," I explained.
"But he did n't board you," objected the rector.
"No; but he made it a point to go to lunch when I did and sit at the same table," I said. "If I ordered meat of any kind he'd look shocked and tell me that human teeth were never intended to masticate meat. If I persisted in eating it, he'd go on and dwell upon the horrors of the abattoirs and the ghastly diseases that follow inevitably upon a flesh diet, until I did n't care for any meat, thank you. Then, if I started to satisfy my hunger with a little bread and butter, he'd look surprised and ask me if I did n't really know what any bread except zwieback would do to the stomach, and how many microbes there are in a cubic inch of butter; and he'd describe the bakeries and dairies, and the kinds of miserable invalids I was bound to be, until I could n't swallow a crumb for a farm and would choke on sight of a pat of butter. Then, may be, I'd send for a cup of coffee as a bracer, and he had a list of nervous disorders as long as your arm directly due to coffee drinking, not to mention the bacteria scampering around on the cup and spoon because of unsanitary washing. It was the same with eggs, or poultry, or cheese, or game, or anything else you want to eat or drink. Nothing but fruits, grains and nuts is fit for a human according to him; and blamed few of them, unless queerly prepared."
"After he'd been hounding me like this for a couple of months — hoping to make a convert of me, I suppose — I could n't read Dickens or Dumas without gagging, and I was positive I had dyspepsia, hypopepsia, hyperpepsia, any number of other sia's, and a million or two other things the matter with me. Why, I could feel the microbes meandering around in me and the bacteria playing leap-frog all through my system. Besides, I was hungry all the time. I tell you," I concluded, earnestly, "I had to get rid of him!"
"Well, I suppose you did," the rector reluctantly acknowledged; "but you might have buried him yourself."

Alex. Ricketts.

MERELY TEMPORARY.

"Milton Jiggs writes such lofty poems, and his conversation is so ordinary!"
"Well, when you see a man sitting on the top of a tall step-ladder you don't fancy that he sits up there all the time, do you?"

PARTICULARLY NECESSARY.

FRIEND.—I understand that, in your line, a man must be very plausible and persuasive.
DRUMMER.—Yes; especially when he's explaining to the firm why he has n't sold any goods.

HOW FORTUNATE!

CALLER.—I see some celebrated physician has discovered a new disease.
MRS. DE STYLE.—Oh, my! I thought I was n't feeling just right!

CAUSE FOR SUSPICION.

HOON.—I fear Brother-in-law William is losing his mind.
MRS. HOON.—Mercy! What makes you think that?
HOON.—Why, this morning when I asked him how his health was he said it was poor and then did not stop to tell me all about it.

IT DOES N'T require a profound study of politics to learn that it is one thing to elect your candidate and another thing to remedy your grievances.

A MAN WOULD be a good deal more likely to awake to find himself famous if he were not so fond of sleeping late.



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NOT INTERESTED.

MISS ASKINS.—And every man on board saw the sea-serpent?
DE WITTE.—All except one. He was so seasick that he would n't turn around to look at it.

THE NEW ARS POETICA.

ADAPTED TO MODERN PRACTICAL PURPOSES.



YOU NEED not say a word, Philomusus; I know perfectly well who you are and what you want. You began by sending "Lines to —," "A Monody," "Moonlight," "Music and Melody," and similar pieces to your local newspaper, which the editor accepted because he required your father's endorsement, and the foreman inserted because he needed "fat" copy. You continued by writing the class ode when you were graduated from the High School — perhaps you even advanced so far as to be commissioned to deliver the poem for the dedication of the new Town Hall. And now you desire to become a professional verse-maker, see your name in the great monthlies, be copied into the provincial press, and, finally, issue a volume called "Agonies and Aspirations," or, "Sackbut and Psalter," or, "Windfalls from a Tender Tree," which will crowd your mantelpiece with imitations and your fourth-floor back with suppliant, beseeching publishers.

Well, if you are, as I vehemently suspect and is most probable, a mere rhymester, I can advise you. You are not a simpleton — you are tolerably educated, fairly well-read, and neither foolish nor earnest enough to make yourself ridiculous. You have some talent for putting words together, and are wiser than to write of "snowy brows," "raven tresses" and "coral lips;" nor (having read Dr. Holmes,) would you ring the changes on "time," "rhyme," "chime" and "sublime." You know that blank verse is out of fashion, and that triolets, rondeaux and ballads have seen their best days; and you would not be mad enough to indulge in rhymed heroics, unless at a college commencement or a public dinner, where people can not help themselves. In short, you have a tolerable knowledge of your instrument — and if, like the majority, you have no original music to play, why, you must e'en do the best you can with winning variations and *tours de force* on one string.

But you have a hard apprenticeship yet before you. You will, for sometime, have greater occasion for postage stamps than bank-books, and receive more refusals than checks. You will watch for the postman with trepidation, and see him pass by with despair; but, at intervals, you will hear in the hall the dead, ominous thump of rejected manuscript falling on the floor, or will see, poked under the door, a smaller, white envelope, looking mean and crestfallen like a returning Prodigal Son — and perhaps that envelope may even bear the magazine's name, and will be read by several other persons before it reaches you. I do not approve of this practice, Philomusus. Periodicals, like pretty girls, ought not to embitter a bitter rejection by publicity.

Well, then, to continue. You will find that the periodicals which publish will not pay, and those which pay will not publish; that "there is a constant pressure on our columns;" that "many meritorious articles are necessarily declined;" that "the unavailability of a contribution does not necessarily imply lack of literary merit." But, by degrees, you will advance from receiving printed forms of refusal to receiving written letters of regret, and then appear in print, continuing to do so until you finally publish a volume of collected poems. There will be *two* collections, Philo. — yours, and the publisher's collection of the money you will pay him for getting out your volume. The volume will appear. The reviewers will praise it, a few will read it, nobody will buy it, and the junkman will get it — but you will have a place in Allibone!

Now to business. There are seven principal forms of good, salable poetry, which you must accustom yourself to use. They are: The Infantile Objective. The Incomprehensible Subjective. The Bucolic Ballad. Society Verse. The Sonnet. The Simple Historical. The Hysterical Historical.

1. THE INFANTILE OBJECTIVE. — Means nothing whatever; therefore, very popular. Thus:

"Daisies spot the meads,
Dandelion seeds
On their petaled pinions o'er the waving willows blow.
Cowslips star the glen,
And, far off, now and then,
One hears the winsome warble of the linnet, lilting low."



2. THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE SUBJECTIVE. — Supposed to mean a great deal, but nobody can tell what; therefore also very popular. Example:

"Oh! dark, gloom-gathering destiny of mine!
Most wildly sought, crypt-hidden, unattained!
Through all the long years of desire I've gained —
What? Ah! the sorrow! What? Could I divine
The solemn secrets of the Not-to-Be
Perchance the Sometime yet might smile on me —
But, no! Away, vain hope! I can but petrify and pine!"

3. THE BUCOLIC BALLAD. — Best thing you can do, if you manage skillfully. Generally in dialect. Old farmer in debt most usual subject. Sixteen or seventeen syllable lines. *Sic*:

"Yes, Deacon, it's turrible tough, an' thet's jest
the hull on it. We
Hev worked like brute beasts all our days, an' now
on'y see whar we be.
Turned out o' the house on foreclosure, with
not a York shillin' for rent,
Though we've paid the 'Square twenty times
over his darned old eleven per cent!
"First, the 'taters all went an' got sp'iled;
an' the hay-harvest wa'n't worth a cuss —
I swanny! the vials o' wrath must be
dreedened dry, a-pourin' on us!
Then the spotted cow would n't give down
an' the brindled bull give up an' died;
But when both the oxen give out, why,
Moll an' I give in and cried!"

After enough of this talk, enter long-lost son (who ran away twenty-seven years before), provided with a big fortune and a bigger heart. Pays mortgage. Everybody happy and solvent. A variation of this form is rather more Western in coloring, and must invariably be written in hexameters, as follows:

"Hello, thar, Stranger! how's fish? Yer don't seem ter caught a great many.
Ain't lookin' rugged, pard, neither. I guess yer a town-man, now ain't yer?
Towns is a fraud — jest yer hear me. I reckon that I orter know it,
Seen' whut happened ter me in 'Frisco when I wuz a youngster."

Now continue with any anecdote you choose — no matter what. As long as your hexameters will scan, never mind the story.

4. SOCIETY VERSE. — Only two specimens and no comments are necessary:

I.
"Vivacious Genevieve
Snatched my hat;
Put it on without my leave;
Think of that!
She is almost like a sister,
So, of course, I'd not resist her,
But I chuckled, as I kissed her,
'Tis for tat!"

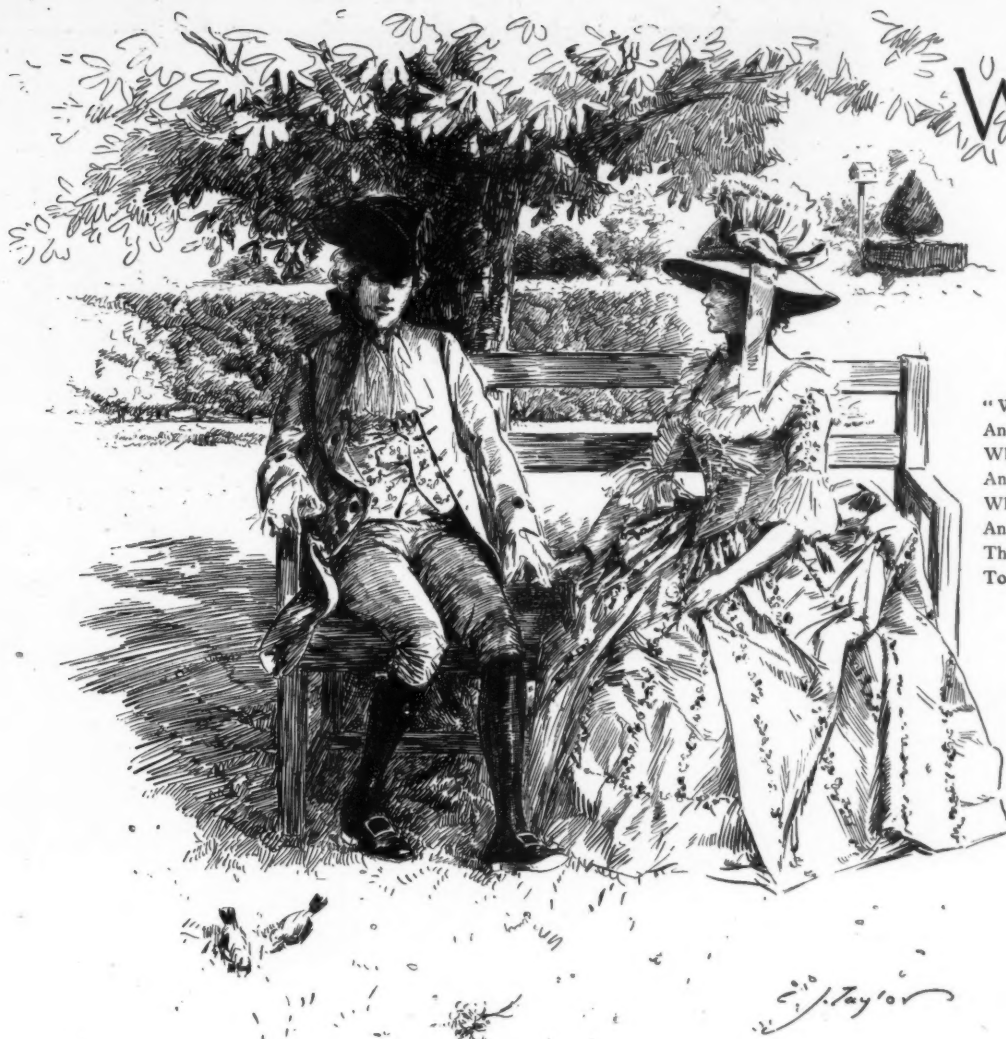
II.
"I've slidden and hopped in the Newport,
I've slidden and twirled in the York,
Waltzed, polked, Knickerbockered and schottischted
Till I'm nearly unable to walk;
And yet I've been wretched this evening,
Though the belle of the ball, people said;
For one name is n't scratched on my order —
Oh! what is the matter with Fred?"

III.
"I've guessed! The poor fellow is jealous!
Well, I've flirted with others, I know;
But he need n't think he's my master —
I'm perfectly free to do so.
What's that? Fred's engaged to Miss Guilders?
The sixth of next month they will wed?
The wretch! He wants money — she's got it —
And that's what's the matter with Fred!"

5. THE SONNET. — Rhymes first and then the thoughts — otherwise you may get yourself into an inextricable mess. The best way is to make

(Continued on Page 16, this Number.)





Wooing Time.

"WIZARD, WIZARD, tell me clear,
When is the time to court my dear —
My dear, who does not like me?"
The wizard put on his glasses wise,
He looked at the ground, and he looked at the skies,
And thus spake he:

"When the moon is hot and the sun is cold,
And the shepherd houses the wolves in his fold;
When the robin flies high and the hawk flies low,
And the rivers up the mountains go;
When the black bat sleeps in the bobolink's nest,
And Castor and Pollux rise out of the West, —
Then is the likeliest day of the lot
To woo the maiden that likes you not."

"Wizard, wizard, tell me clear,
When is the day to court my dear —
My dear who dearly loves me?"
He gazed at the ground, and he gazed at the skies,
And thus spake he:

"When the sunbeams laugh or the gray clouds scowl,
When you hear the lark or the wren or the owl,
When the brooks run blithely down to the sea,
When two can sit on the same settee,
When Saturday comes at the end of the week,
And a bashful lad finds it hard to speak, —
That is the very best day for you
To woo the maiden that loves you true."

Amos R. Wells.

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A NEW MARK.

"I see," said the visitor to the commercial company's office, "that you have a new rating in your new reference book. Some men are marked, 'U. S. S.'"

"Yes," said the manager. "Money comes in so fast these days that we have run out of ratings above 'A1.' We now indicate those who are rich enough to go to the United States Senate."

KEEN.

UNCLE GEEHAW (of Hay Corners, visiting New York City).—D' you see that star in the pavement, M'rah?

AUNT GEEHAW. — Yes; it's got the name of the store on it.

UNCLE GEEHAW (impressively).—Wall, somebody's dropped dead, suicided or been murdered on that there spot! Them saffron-colored Noo York newspapers ain't much good, but I learned that much from reading 'em.

ONE ADVANTAGE.

"What is the use of looking for the North Pole?"

"Why, after it is found, it won't be necessary to send any more expeditions to look for it."

A DEFINITION BY A SUFFERER.

"Pa," said the small boy with the inquiring mind, "what is an optimist?"

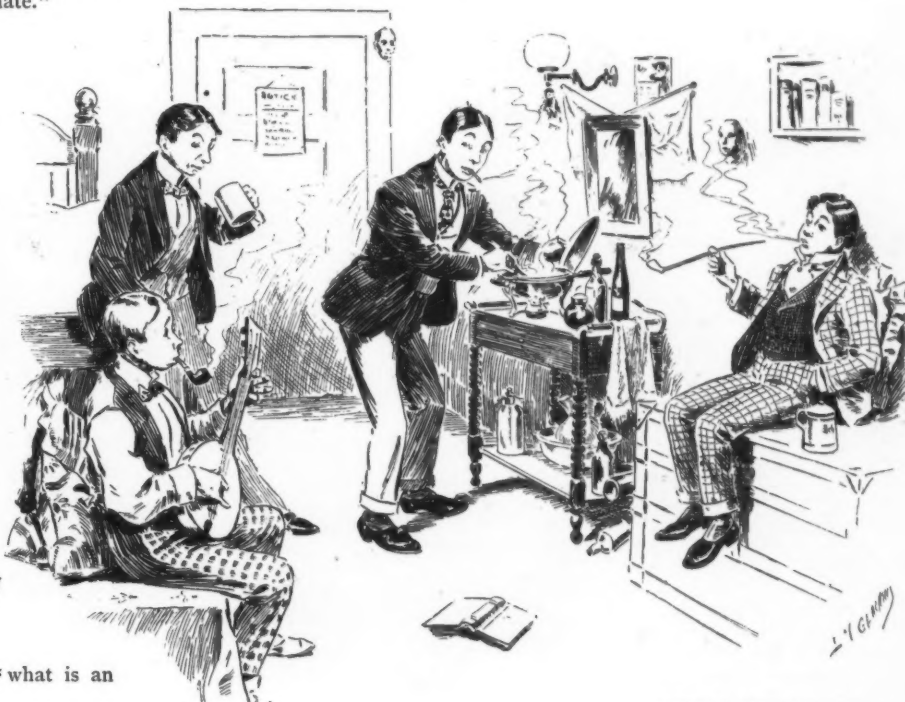
"An optimist," replied the sallow-faced parent, "is a man who never had dyspepsia."

HAPPINESS IS like a kitten's tail — hard to catch; but there's plenty of fun in chasing it.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

With a horrid imprecation the infuriated woman sprang forward. "Another word," she shrieked, raising her clenched hand, "and I'll beat you to a jelly!"

"I won't jell!" retorted the other woman, doggedly.



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PITY.

"George never sees any life to speak of; — his governor is awfully strict."
"Yes. I guess George hardly knows what it is to wake up with a headache."

HEARD IN THE NEXT ROOM.



"-o-o-o-o-o-o-o — ah-h-h-h-h-H-H!!!"
 "You'd better get up, Edward;
 she's going to cry."
 "Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo — o-o-o-o-o-
 ee-ee-ee-ee!!!"
 "Tum to Papa; dat's dood
 dirl! Now — cop-ee!"
 "Yow-w-w-w-w — wow —
 wow — wow-w — YIP!!!"
 "Edward, I'm afraid there's
 a pin sticking her somewhere.
 She never cried like that before."
 "Oo-oo-oo-oo — o-ah-ee-ee-e-e-e!"
 "She seems to be all right. Perhaps
 her stomach aches. Does 'little tum-
 mach hurt um? Come, take a wide
 wiz Papa. See! Papa wuns like an old
 mule! Ouch! —! —! —! —! —! —! —!"
 "Ah-h-h-h-h-h-H!"
 "Never mind! never mind! Nasty old hot poker
 got under Papa's foot and burn 'um. Papa will frow
 old poker out 'um window. There! Now, don't cry!
 Papa don't cry when old poker burns him. (Sings.)
 "' Rockaby, hushaby, Papa's little baby,
 Papa's little Alabama coon!'"
 "Edward! How can you? The idea of calling Mama's
 little pet a horrid old coon!"
 "Ya-ya-ya-ya-ya — o — oo — ooo!!!"
 "Of course baby does n't like it! Bad Papa, was n't he?
 Perhaps she wants her bottle, Eddy, dear."



BLACK PROSPECTS.

THE OWL (*telling the hen's fortune*).—Your life is propitious up to a
 certain point, and then — beware of a dark man with short, curly hair!!!

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a — o-oo — ooo!"
 "No; she does n't take hold of it. I think she is dying, from the
 way she yells. Oh-h-h — look there! See the big moon! Is n't he a
 whopper? Baby shall have a nice little moon, all by herself, when
 she stops crying."

"Now, Eddy, don't deceive the little darling. You
 had better try her with the bottle again."

"I think she needs a drink of water; her throat
 appears dry."

"Wow—wow—w-o-w—ow—ow—o-w—OW!!!"

"There! I knew you would spill it! Do you
 suppose her mouth is as big as a tub?"

"Boo-oo-oo-oo-oo — oo — o-o-o!"

"Oh! dry up! Come, come!
 What would you think if Papa
 howled like that just because he
 spilled a little ice-water down
 his legs? You must learn to
 control yourself. Water won't
 hurt you."

"Don't you think you had
 better go for a doctor, Ed-
 ward?"

"Doctor nothing! She
 merely wants to keep us
 awake all night to gratify
 the insane vanity of her
 sex."

"Now, Baby, do be
 quiet for awhile. Do you
 think you can go to sleep
 while raising all this
 rumpus? Don't you know
 that you are only exciting
 yourself and me, and doing
 no good?"

"I believe she is going to
 sleep, dear!"

"So she is! (Sings.)

"' Rockaby, rockaby, nothing to fear,' etc."

"There! take her, Fanny! It
 takes the strong will of a man to
 hypnotize a nervous child. A woman
 never could have done it."

E. S. Safford.



SARCASM ON EASTER MORNING.

MRS. HICHURCH.—There were more expensive hats than this.

MR. HICHURCH.—Is it possible? I suppose they were not becoming.

A WOMAN should not talk at whist. It is ill-bred in
 her to parade her ability to do two things at once.

IT is enough to make the average woman falter in
 the straight and narrow way to think of standing
 up to have robes fitted around a pair of wings.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO PEACE. PEACE CONTINUES to be fragile. European interest in the Czar's Congress is all that it should be if public professions are to be taken at their face; but it does not appear that the Czar or any other ruler is letting it interfere with his other business. Russia is taking care that she shall have a respectable number of arms to lay down when the day for disarming comes; Germany has passed a new army bill; France is joyful over a submarine torpedo boat; England is exceeding her income to build new battleships; and it is a poor day when a new gun or a new explosive is not invented. China, we believe, would attend a peace-gathering with perfect good faith. Perhaps Aguinaldo would, too, if he could find the time. But they are about the only two against whom suspicion would not run. In truth, if the angel of peace were searched to-day he would probably be found to have concealed weapons on his person.

A MATTER OF MONEY. WE ARE sometimes tempted to announce that the only real morality there is, or ever can be, is minding one's own business. Certain workingmen over on the East Side of New York are engaged in a well-meant but, to our mind, mistaken effort to better the condition of the rich. They have introduced a bill at Albany providing that dealers shall double the price of all wines. They argue, speciously, we contend, that such men as the Rev. Madison C. Peters, Bishop Potter, Mr. Henry Clews, Mr. John Claffin, Mr. C. P. Huntington, Dr. Morgan Dix and Dr. Felix Adler drink more wine than is good for them, and that if they had to pay twice as much as they now pay for champagne, port, claret, sherry, etc., they would drink only half as much, and thereby be greatly bettered in morals and health. It is not known that all of these gentlemen drink more than is hygienically correct, and the basic assumption of these workingmen is therefore imper-

tinent; but, even if they do, we consider that such a bill would not only fail of its purpose, but that it would be an unwarranted infringement of personal liberty. In the first place, the gentlemen named would probably end in spending twice what they now spend for wines, and no real good would come of that. But we should like to know, the efficacy of the bill aside, if these workingmen believe that the mere fact of their poverty qualifies them to regulate the habits of the rich men? Because they live in tenement houses and drink the comparatively healthful beer of the corner saloon shall they thereby have authority over men who are able to mix their drinks and to subject their stomachs to far more elaborate abuses?

Since writing the above we learn that the bill in question was incorrectly reported to us. It is the rich man, it seems, who wants to regulate the habits of the poor man, which is, of course, a very different matter. Saloon keepers, it appears, are now in the habit of giving anywhere from three to six pints of beer where only one is paid for, and a bill has been introduced forbidding this pernicious practice and making, in the language of its benevolent promoters, "more frequent visits to the saloon necessary." The names of the eminent gentlemen above-mentioned are affixed to a petition for the passage of this bill. As we have said, this puts a different face on the matter. A Second Avenue truck-driver telling Mr. C. P. Huntington how much old port he may drink is rank impudence; but Mr. Huntington telling the truckman how much beer it is good for him to drink presents a touching picture of applied humanity. How thankful the people that buy beer in tin pails ought to be that men like Mr. Huntington and Bishop Potter and Henry Clews should consent to be interested in their vulgar affairs, to the extent of doubling the price they pay for their beer! We regret that we at first misapprehended the bill so ridiculously.

A DEADLY DEVICE. THE RECENT hotel fire in New York called attention to one of those common, every-day superstitions we cling to in spite of the fact that a moment's good thought would show their falsity. Few of us think of fire when we stay at a hotel; but, if we do think about it, we examine the rope fire-escape and are reassured. We note the stoutness of the rope, test the security of its fastening to the wall by jerking hard at it a couple of times, and satisfy ourselves that it is long enough to reach to the ground. Then we feel safe and go to bed. The hotel that burned in New York was equipped with this archaic device, and it probably never has occurred to more than a few of the thousands of people who have staid there that no one but a trained athlete could make any use of it. With a cool head and no flames to burn the rope a trapeze performer could in most cases reach the ground safely. But to expect women and children to use it, or even the average man—who does not rest his weight on his arms once in ten years,—is the sheerest folly. That is, it is folly on the part of the public, which does not think. But on the part of hotel men, who must have thought about it, it seems to us to come pretty near being criminal.

THE MAN WHO WOULD DIE.



*Whisper rose on the dawning and fled on the frightened Wind,
West to the wide Sierras,—east to the Gates of Ind—,
And the Work of his Hands assembled the printed threat to scan,
Till over the wide Creation a mighty murmur ran.*

And the Powers of the Jungle gathered, and the voice of the
Pack rang high,—
"We have laired with the Lord of the Forest—we have leapt
as his chase swept by;

And we ask, when the last kill closes and his quivering death-strokes miss,
The death of a Lord of the Council—but never a death like this."

And the Winds of the Earth foregathered, and the angry East Wind blew,—
"Adrift on the roaring waters our wildest wars he knew;
We have screamed our brother-bondage, we have breathed our brother-kiss—
And we wait for a cry to a tempest-sky—but never a death like this."

And over the shrieking sabres a blood-red legion rose,—
"We—we have carved his wisdom where the farthest white man goes;
We have stretched above the carnage our brother-hand to his,—
And we thought for a death in battle-breath—but never a death like this."

Then the Lord of his Work awoke him, and he bade the murmurs cease,—
He spoke to the Jungle-people, and he gave the Wind-god "peace";
And the battle-children silenced as he turned to the scroll again,
Who heard the Wrath, nor could not die the death of milder men.

Thomas Bicket.

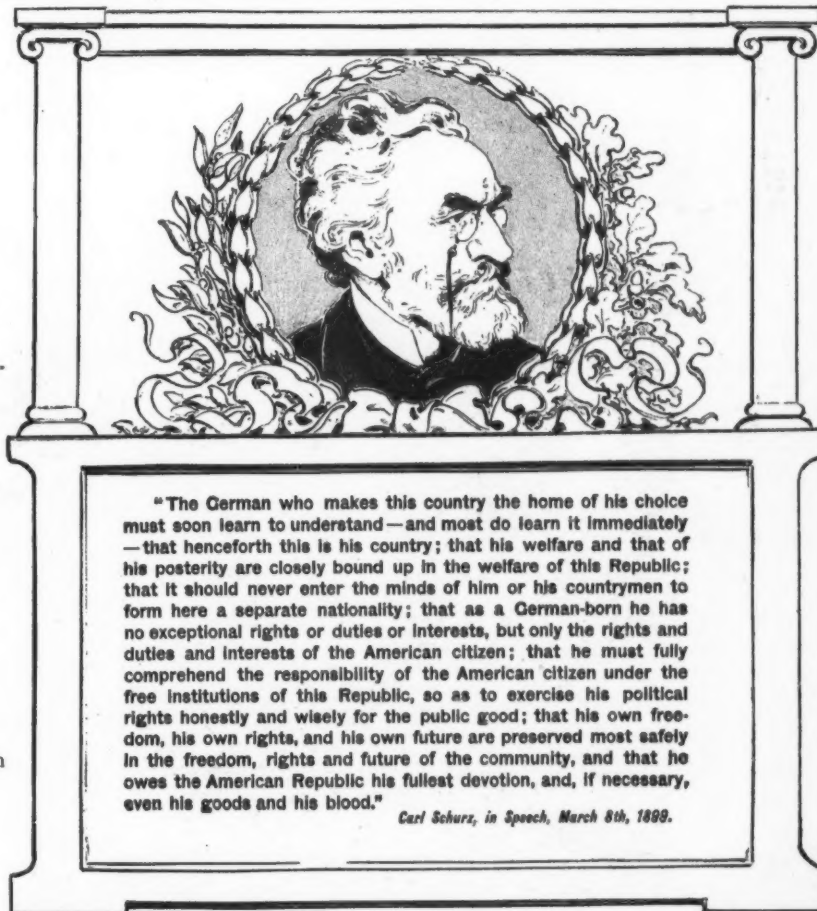
MORE IMPORTANT.

SHE.—Here is an article showing how a complete Easter outfit can be made for a hundred dollars.

HE.—H'm! Does it tell how to make a hundred dollars?

A CHANGE OF DIET.

"Barlow is keeping Lent very strictly," remarked Bunting.
"Nonsense!" replied Larkin. "He eats meat three times a day!"
"I know that; but you must remember he is a vegetarian!"



"The German who makes this country the home of his choice must soon learn to understand—and most do learn it immediately—that henceforth this is his country; that his welfare and that of his posterity are closely bound up in the welfare of this Republic; that it should never enter the minds of him or his countrymen to form here a separate nationality; that as a German-born he has no exceptional rights or duties or interests, but only the rights and duties and interests of the American citizen; that he must fully comprehend the responsibility of the American citizen under the free institutions of this Republic, so as to exercise his political rights honestly and wisely for the public good; that his own freedom, his own rights, and his own future are preserved most safely in the freedom, rights and future of the community, and that he owes the American Republic his fullest devotion, and, if necessary, even his goods and his blood."

Carl Schurz, in Speech, March 8th, 1898.

GOLDEN WORDS OF WISDOM.

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JOTTMAN LITH. CO. PUCH BLDG. N.Y.

A PEACE DREAM OF EASTERTIME.

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A THEORY.

"The elephant seems to be an enthusiastic golfer."
 "Well, I don't believe he cares so much for the game, but he thinks he looks well in golf stockings."

WILL SOON STRIKE TERRA FIRMA.

THE INEXPERIENCED.—He says he can hardly restrain himself from falling down and worshipping her.
 THE REJECTED.—Tell him not to get nervous; she'll throw him down soon enough.

IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Are you a Stoic, friend?
 SECOND CITIZEN.—No, sir; I'm a Dyspeptic.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST CASES.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—What!—have you given up smoking again?
 SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—Yes; this time I have abandoned the vile habit for good. Have n't had a pipe since Monday.

FOR A DIFFERENT OBJECT.

"Whoop!" ejaculated the young man with the unsteady gait and generally dishevelled appearance; "I'm loaded to the muzzle!"
 "Forbear, my friend, forbear," said the thin, tall man, with the long face and long coat, deprecatingly.
 "Nope!" retorted the young man in tones of vigorous denial.
 "Nope! Not for bear! for sosh'bility; an' I'm It!"

HASTENED.

"The end is near," said the hero, quietly, as the villain writhed in the centre of the stage.
 "It's about time," whispered the soubrette; "it's after eleven now." Death came immediately.

AT THE ASYLUM.

FEMALE ATTENDANT (*sympathetically*).—That is a very sad case. The poor creature actually prefers comfort to style.
 VISITOR.—Goodness! And won't she ever recover her reason?

HOW HE FELT.

THE LAWYER.—Do you wish to prefer any of your creditors?
 EMBARRASSED PARTY.—I'd like to prefer them all, except my wife's milliner.



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THE CRITICAL SPIRIT.

NEW DRUG CLERK.—That doctor of yours ought to make out better prescriptions.
 CUSTOMER.—Why, what's the matter?
 NEW DRUG CLERK.—I had to guess at half he wrote.

"HAPPINESS."



IT'S JEST a sort o' feelin' 'at depends upon the man.
An' the owner never gets it by a fixed an' settled plan;
It's nothin' 'at 's t' come along at any certain time,
An' nothin' in the atmosphere of any certain clime;
It's not cut out fer customers an' laid upon the shelf—
But it's jest a sort o' feelin' 'at depends upon yerself.

It never comes from growlin' at your luck an' feelin' blue
An' thinkin' ever' happy man is stealin' some from you;
You need n't think it comes alone where money 's runnin' rife,
Or feel 'at you would find it in another speer o' life—
You 'd ought t' find 't where you are, there 's plenty ever'where,
'N' any man 'at is a man 'll git an honest share.

'The minister 'll find it in the sayin' of a grace,
An' the barber gits his portion in the shavin' of a face;
The sailor on the ocean, an' the farmer in his corn,
An' the millionaire a-watchin' at some hole in plenty's horn;
An' the hairy, howlin' captain of a climbin' jungle clan
Is as happy as a monkey as he would be as a man.

It 's ever' human's duty plain in whatsoever speer
T' make his life a happiness to other mortals here;
So, why not be content with life an' say yer lot 'll do?
'N' then you feel the duty done—an easy duty, too;
For happiness from discontent is but a little span
An' is jest a sort o' feelin' 'at depends upon the man.

James Bingham.



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A CLOSE OBSERVER.

WEARY WILLY (*thoughtfully*).—Ah, lady! you are so young,
so good, so beautiful and so true, dat—
MRS. JUSTWED.—That what?
WEARY WILLY.—Dat it would be de height of rashness to
try and eat any of your cooking!—so I won't stop!

WE ALL WONDER.

"Pa," began little Clarence Callipers, who is cursed with an inquiring
mind, "those little babies—with no bodies, but only just heads with
wings on 'em where their ears ought to be—that we sometimes see in
pictures, are cherubs, are n't they?"

"Yes, I guess so," answered his long-suffering sire.

"Well, now, Pa, as they have n't got any tails
to balance themselves with, why don't they flop
over and bump their noses when they try
to fly?"

A SENSIBLE PREFERENCE.

MRS. BROWN.—Yes; she 's engaged.
And she once told me that she would n't
marry the best man living!

BROWN.—Well, I suppose she 'd rather
be happy than consistent.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

MRS. HORNBEAK.—It is a pity that
Jasper Doolittle has amounted to so little
since he graduated with high honors at the
academy. The title of his oration was,
"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star;" and I re-
member how eloquent he was—so that
everybody kept saying what a bright future
he had before him. I wonder why he has
never followed out that motto, himself?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Oh! I guess he
did, in a certain way. Probably he hitched his
wagon to a star, but forgot to put in the end-gate.

IN BOSTON.

SHE (*at 3 a. m.*).—What an unreasonable hour to come home from
the club!

HE.—I know—hic—m' dear; but—hic—there was a—hic—
metaphysical discussion—hic—going on, and I could n't break away.

HER FIRST BEAU.

MISS THIRTYSMITH.—The wisdom of Solomon—

LITTLE MISS GIGGLES.—Oh, yes! I know Solomon was a wise man;
but—tee, hee!—you just ought to hear my Charley talk!



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INFANTILE PERSPICUITY.

LITTLE MARIGOLD.—I have named *this* dolly after you, Aunt Jane!

AUNT JANE.—Indeed?

LITTLE MARIGOLD (*sighing*).—Yes; 'cause she 's got so old now,
I 'se 'fraid she 'll never have a feller!



THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—
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New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.



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Amateur Photographers in
the world use the Goerz
Double Anastigmat Lens,
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It has great depth of focus,
unequalled covering power,
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Profit-Sharing, Life Insurance Policies

on every approved plan.

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to \$50,000 on the Whole Life,
Limited Payment and En-
dowment Plan.

INDUSTRIAL Policies from \$15 up.
PROTECTION to Individual, Fam-
ily and Business Interests.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENT
for Surplus Funds or Savings.

Write for Information.

The Prudential Insurance Co.

OF AMERICA.

John F. Dryden, Pres., Home Office, Newark, N.J.

THE SOURCE OF A GREAT ANNOYANCE.

FIRST COOK (reading).—"Wanted,
to go to Connecticut, a first-class cook.
Good wages."

SECOND COOK.—Niver on yer loife!
Sure; is n't that where they make
alarum clocks? — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

"HAVE YOU BEEN OVER THE LOOP?"

is the question asked of every tourist returning
from Colorado. This attractive trip is via "The
Colorado Road" and may be made pleasantly
and conveniently in one day. It comprehends
the most sublime and beautiful in mountain
scenery, the route being through beautiful Clear
Creek Canon, whose massive walls tower hun-
dreds of feet above the train. In addition to the
Loop trip, you should by all means go from
Denver to Leadville through picturesque Platte
Canon, than which there is no grander scenery
in the world. For descriptive matter please
write, enclosing two-cent stamp, to

T. E. FISHER, General Passenger Agent,

"THE COLORADO ROAD"

(Colorado & Southern Railway), DENVER, COL.

P. S.—Send 5 cents in postage for a
beautifully colored Loop Button.

THE MECHANISM OF STYLE.

"I wish," said the man who was writing a speech, "that I could think of the
word I want."

"What kind of a word is it?" asked his wife.

"Something that means cutthroat, robber and villain. It's got to be a word
of at least four syllables, because I want it to be a polished sarcasm." — *Washing-
ton Star.*



Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is
incorporated digestive substances natural
to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with
Pepsalt and use it in place of salt at
your meals. If you have indigestion your
stomach does not supply the necessary
amount of the dissolving or digestive
juices. **Pepsalt** taken in place of salt at
your meals makes good this defi-
ciency, as you take with every
mouthful of your food a similar
substance to that which is required
and at the right time, and your
indigestion is a thing of the past.
Send for sample in salt-shaker
bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.
THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO.,
43 Sheriff Street,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

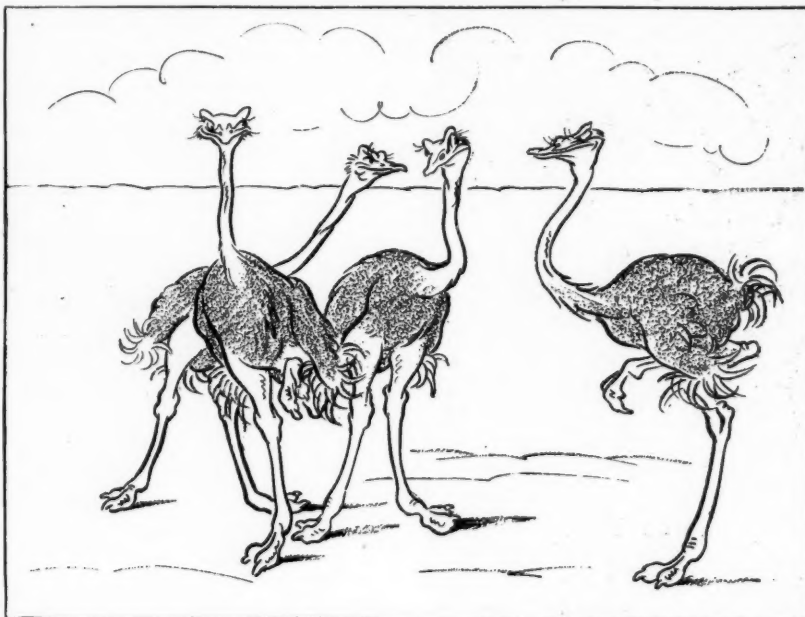
HE.—Your husband
is much better, I hear.
SHE.—Oh, yes; the
doctor has recom-
mended him to ride
a bicycle and he is
doing it.

HE.—Oh! then he
's not out of danger,
yet. — *Yonkers States-
man.*



PRETTY soon there
won't be anything left
for the Trusts to do
but to organize a trust
trust.—*L. A. W. Bul-
letin.*

PREACHERS should
aim to prick the heart
instead of tickling the
ear.—*Ram's Horn.*



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I.
THE OSTRICH.—Let's play "hide-and-seek!"



Transparent as crystal. The perfect
cleansing properties and absolute
purity, as well as the refined and deli-
cate perfume of this toilet soap, have
placed it at the apex of all.

SOLD UNIVERSALLY. SAMPLE CASE 15 CENTS.
MÜLHENS & KNOFF, U. S. AGENTS, NEW YORK

WHEN it comes to
real prominence, no
one can live on the
same street with the
woman who can say,
"My affairs are in the
hands of my lawyer."
— *Atchison Globe.*

GENERALLY, if
there is anything a
woman does n't know
she imagines it. —
Wash. Democrat.



SIDE VIEW

THE cuffs come off and collar

loose,

If I don't swear I will say

"the deuce,"

And sign a written interdiction

To buy henceforth the



END VIEW

ABOUT the lowest,
most worthless thing
we can think of is
to join a church for
the business it might
bring. — *Washington
Democrat.*

IT is no use singing
"Crown Him Lord of
All," while you go
right on paying taxes
to the devil. — *Ram's
Horn.*

"BENEDICT".

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,

Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.

WOOL SOAP

is as good
as any soap selling
for ten times the
WOOL SOAP price

NO CHAPPED OR
ROUGH HANDS FROM
WOOL SOAP USING

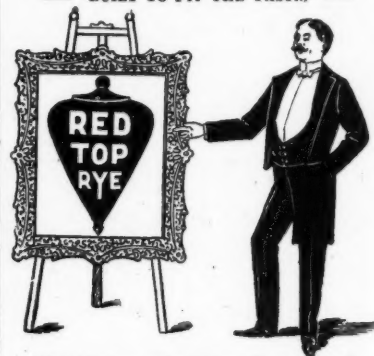
SWIFT AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

NO WOMAN weighing over a hundred pounds
should attempt to act cute.

— *Atchison Globe.*

AN IDEAL WHISKEY!

—"BUILT TO FIT THE TASTE."



FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS.
Distillery, Davies Co., Ky. Cincinnati, O.
St. Joseph, Mo.

CRESCENT BICYCLES

CRESCENT FACILITY.

The largest factory in the world that
makes bicycles, and only bicycles, is
devoted to producing the well-known
CRESCENT wheels.

Over two thousand persons are em-
ployed in the various departments of
the works.

One thousand perfect CRESCENT
BICYCLES can be made each working-
day.

The enormous facilities of the
CRESCENT plant permit the high
value and low price of the wheel.

Catalogue No. 11, containing
"The Care of the Wheel," Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS
CHICAGO NEW YORK

Easy Walking,
Increased Height,
Arched Instep,
Better Fitting Shoes,
Ease and Comfort.



Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Do not require larger
shoes. Invaluable, durable, healthful, recommended by phys-
icians. Raised or lowered by adding or removing layers of cork.
1/2 in., 25c.; 3/4 in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c., per pair. Ladies' or Men's.
READ Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp
for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 86 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,
Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.



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(CORDIALS)

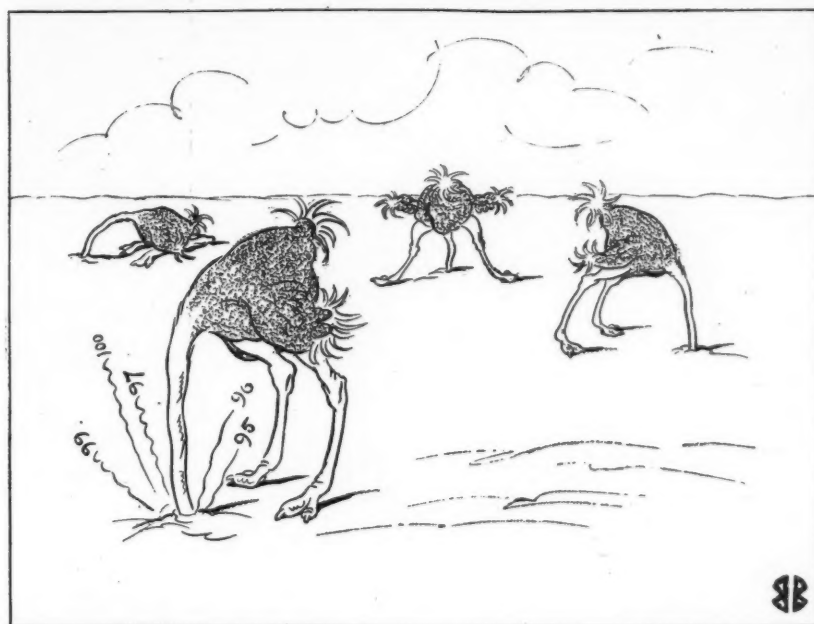
"The first and only truly American production."

Superior Tonic and Digestive Beverages, which combine the Delicious Taste and Aroma of Natural Fruit. Popular as Dinner Liqueurs, and Unequaled for Punches, Cocktails, Sherbets and as Culinary Assistants.

As a SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER, we will, on receipt of \$2.00, ship express prepaid, one dozen assorted liqueurs put up in our Good Luck Flasks, each flask holding two drinks.

Write for Illustrated Booklet and Prices.

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IL
 MUFFLED VOICE.—loo! Ready! Coming!

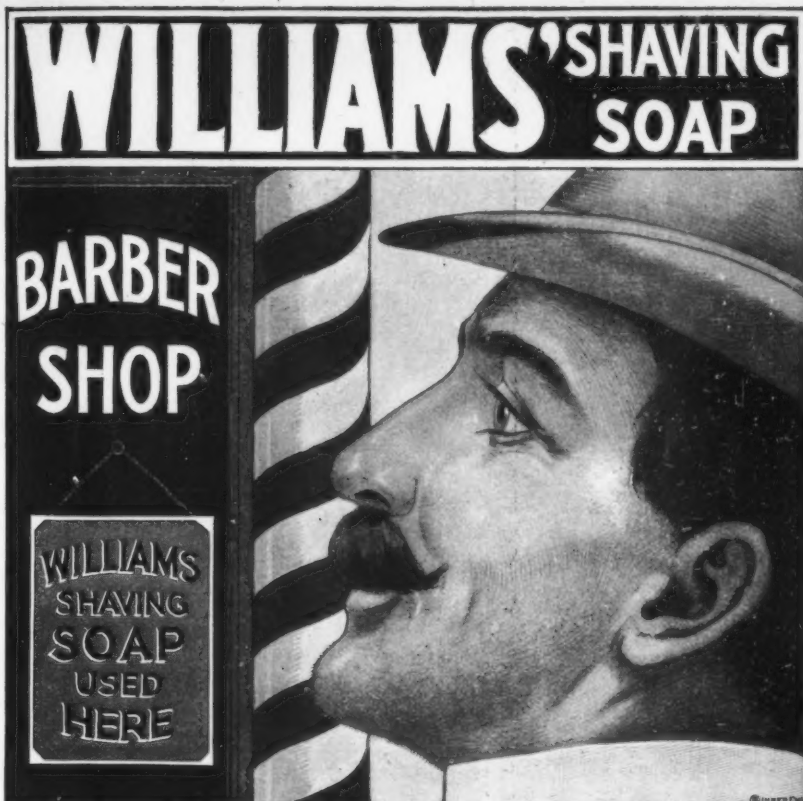
IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT
 Drink
OLD BARREL RYE WHISKEY
 FOR SALE IN EXCLUSIVE
 HOTELS, RESTAURANTS &
 CAFES.
ANGELO MYERS, Distiller,
 Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MARKET DULL.

DE BROKER.—Why is it that the stock market is so fearfully dull?

DE CURBB.—U'm—I believe most of the bank officials, city treasurers and confidential clerks who have been speculating in stocks are locked up. —
New York Weekly.

"LAKE SHORE LIMITED:"



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

BARBER SHOP

WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP USED HERE

When you see that sign on a barber shop, "Williams' Shaving Soap used here," you need not hesitate to enter. You may be sure of a good, clean, comforting, refreshing shave. Above all, you are safe from the dangers which lurk in cheap, inferior shaving soaps.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are used by all first-class barbers, and are for sale all over the world.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.



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An Education by Mail

Students in the courses of Mechanical or Electrical Engineering, Architecture, or any of the Civil Engineering Courses are soon qualified for salaried drafting room positions. Write for pamphlets.

The International Correspondence Schools, Box 918, Scranton, Pa.

TIME TO COOL OFF.

PROUD FATHER.—My old friend, I called to see if you could n't make a place for my son in your establishment. He has just graduated with high honors.

OLD FRIEND.—My dear old boy, nothing would please me better. Tell him to call around in two years. —
New York Weekly.

THE coward measures difficulties with a telescope; the brave man with his feet. —
Ram's Horn.

NO LONGER FRIENDS.

JEWELER.—You evidently entertain no superstitious fears concerning edged implements.

FAIR CUSTOMER (who has bought a shaving set).—Oh, dear, no! I'm married to him. —
Jewelers' Weekly.

HERE is a good memory test: Can you recall how it felt to be too warm last Summer? —
Atchison Globe.

Comfortable Shoes For Men \$4

Are your husband's shoes comfortable? Tell him how to get comfortable shoes and high-grade shoes for \$4. Drop a postal card to RALSTON HEALTH SHOE MAKERS, for booklet telling you all about it, FREE. Campello, Mass.



20th CENTURY HEADLIGHTS

BICYCLE & DRIVING

PRICES LOW TO SELL MILLIONS

Leaves New York at 5.30 every afternoon via New York Central. Arrives Chicago at 4.30 next afternoon via Lake Shore.

THE NEW ARS POETICA.

(Continued from Page 6.)

out your scheme of rhymes and then write up to them, trusting to luck for some kind of an idea as you go along. Like this:

"art How far from me, my lofty love thou art!
thought Far in thyself and farther still in thought;
part Who dwellest in a secret place apart,
naught And for thy humble lover carest naught.
caught Yet, sometimes, 'mid thy high disdain, I've caught
heart A transient gleam that lightened up my heart.
bought Ah! dear delight, by dearer dollars bought!
start For from my short joys longer woes must start,
came As from Cadmean teeth the warriors came—
land Offspring of dragons, in a dragon's land—
bleeds So ever thus my wounded spirit bleeds,
same But, with the same desire, desires the same
hand Sweet suffering, given by a sweeter hand,
deeds Put out to me but to do cruel deeds."

There! I defy anybody to say what this signifies, if it signifies anything—I'm sure I can't;—yet I flatter myself that it is smooth, correctly constructed, and truly sonnet-like, in sound, at least—and what would you have more?

6. THE SIMPLE HISTORICAL.—Easiest thing in the world—you can't miss it. Plenty of jingle is all you need. I give specimen of a conclusion in this style:

"Then we gave a roaring shout,
And we slewed Long Tom about,
And from his black throat leaped out a thirty-
two-pound ball;
And across the foam it flew,
With an aim so straight and true,
That the Britisher it blew into flinders—hull
and all.

While, as skyward went the wreck,
We danced upon the deck,
And our joy it did not check that two-thirds our
crew were dead.

And the English shook for fear
Long after, when they'd hear
Of the Yankee privateer, "'Saucy Sall,' of
Marblehead!"



With careful attention to these examples, and equally careful abstention from trying to get out of your head—and heart—what is n't there, you may, by patience and practice, become as expert as any rhymster of them all.

But you are thinking that you may, perhaps, be a real poet, Philomusus? Ah! in that case, I am dumb. Shall I teach a bobolink to trill?

Manley H. Pike.

7. THE HYSTERICAL HISTORICAL.—Generally on a French subject:

"THE DYING JACOBIN."

(Rue des Vaches, 1806.)

Never omit this place and date enclosed in parentheses. It gives the poem an air of relating to some actual incident. Also, have a refrain—French, if possible. Put in as much French as you can, by the way—and it is a neat thing to rhyme it with English; but first overhaul your Spiers and Surene!

"Allons! raise me up to the window, Pierre,
While I look to the scenes of our triumphs afar,
I'm dying, *je suis*—but, *peste!* what do I care,
Since the brave days are past, when we sang '*Ca ira,*'—
And the lantern-ropes terrible loads used to bear?
Then the street-fights and pillage and massacres! Ah!
How we howled, as we drove the aristocrats on,
'*En avant, donc, le Faubourg de Saint Antoine!*'"

This sort of thing can be kept up indefinitely. Reaching the last stanza, your Jacobin loses his reason and your verse loses sense, coherence, meaning—everything, except the metre and the refrain:

"I remember the time when—*Diantre*, the light!—
How dark 't is!—Pierre, you said it was day!
Give your hand! Ha! the tocsin. *Vite, vite!* To
the fight!

Petit nom de bonhomme, hear the signal to slay!
Here's my pike and my poniard! Your sword—
is it bright?

Come! *À bas le Roi! Vive la liberté!*
My breath! *C'est egal!* Chop his head off! I'm
gone!

'*En avant, donc, le Faubourg de Saint Antoine!*'"



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HUMAN.

MAMA.—O Ethel! You naughty, naughty girl! Why do you persist in doing things I tell you not to?

ETHEL.—I s'pect it 's because it 's so nice to do "don'ts," Mama!



Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his Essay on Eloquence said in speaking of a man whom he described as a Godsend to his town. "He is put together like a Waltham Watch."



SATISFACTORY CARD PARTIES

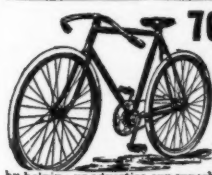
are those where a good quality of card, having fine finish, good slip, handsome designs and excellent wearing quality is used. These qualities are all combined in the

GOLF PLAYING CARD

The Best 25 Cent Card Made.

Ask your dealer for them or send 25 cents to us for sample pack.

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Overstock; must be closed out. '98 Models \$9 to \$16. Shopworn and secondhand wheels, as good as new \$3 to \$10. New '99 Models, \$11 to \$30. Great Factory clearing sale. We ship to anyone on approval, without a cent in advance.

EARN A BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of '99 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.

G. B. MEAD & PRENTISS, CHICAGO, ILL.

A MAN who has stopped his paper likes to walk past the office of his wrath and see if the paper is still running. — *Washington Democrat*.

THE devil seems to succeed in enlisting the church in his work of amusing the world. — *Ram's Horn*.

THE OBJECTION.

"Herbert is just a plain, every-day young man," said Mabel to her father.

"There's precisely the objection," was the prompt reply. "I might stand him every other day, but this thing of calling seven times a week becomes tiresome." — *Washington Star*.

BILL. — How about that Sound steamer?

JILL. — I guess she's all right. There's a rumor ashore that she's afloat.

BILL. — That's good! I heard there was a rumor afloat that she was ashore. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

No well regulated household should be without Dr. J. C. B. Siegel & Sons Angostura Bitters, unequaled as an appetizer.

DO THIS

PUT A

Veeder

CYCLOMETER on your wheel. It is as useful as your watch. One measures distance, the other time—both are essential factors of every business or pleasure trip. To every cyclist the Veeder Cyclometer is a necessity.

Its merit has eliminated competition—90% of modern cyclometers are Veeder Cyclometers. Price, \$1. 10,000 miles and repeat. Dust-proof, water-proof, positive action. On the "Trip" Cyclometer, price \$2, the small indicator can be set back to zero separately like a stem-winding watch after each trip. Parts cannot become disarranged. Cannot register falsely unless actually broken. No springs. No delicate parts. Made for 24, 26, 28, and 30-inch wheels. Booklet free.

VEEDER MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

Collar Button Insurance

GIVEN WITH EVERY

Krementz One-Piece Collar Button

Made of One Piece of Metal Without Seam or Joint.

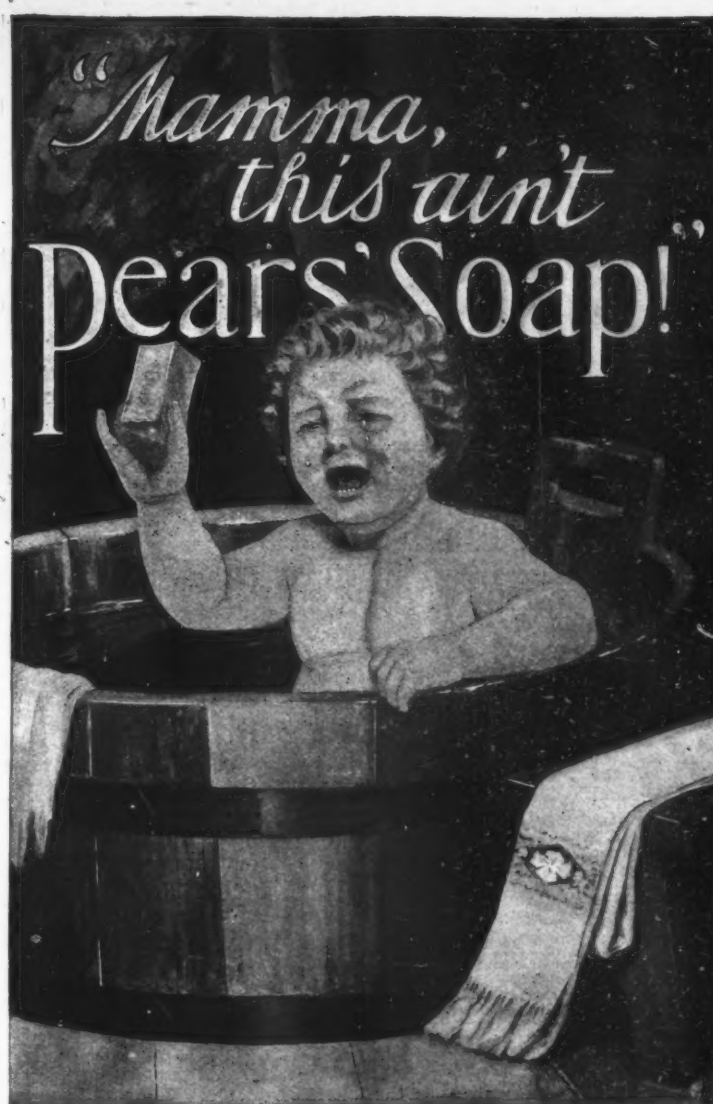
You get a new one without charge in case of accident of any kind. *The Story of a Collar Button* gives all particulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell Krementz buttons.

Krementz & Co., 39 Chestnut St. NEWARK, N. J.

BECAUSE a society lady gets "in the swim," it does n't say that she should appear at social functions with so few clothes on. — *Norristown Herald*.

"I FEEL all run down," said the jocular citizen as the cyclist rode over him. — *L. A. W. Bulletin*.

IN accepting an invitation in Atchison, write across the corner: "Grip permitting." — *Atchison Globe*.



All sorts of people use PEARS' SOAP, all sorts of stores sell it,—especially druggists.

AND UNTO DUST RETURN.

MRS. FLYER. — Harry, do you know the dirt from which diamonds are taken is blue?

MR. FLYER. — No; but I know that the fellow who has to put up the dust for them generally is. — *Jewelers' Weekly*.

A BROKER is the man who breaks the news when you're broke. — *Adams Freeman*.

Without Friction

Wonderful sliding adjustment of the bearings makes friction unknown in

Waverley Bicycles \$40

Strength and beauty without an equal.

Worth your while to send for Catalogue.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Whiskey
that is
Comforting

A
Pure
Stimulant

Hunter Baltimore Rye



TRADE MARK

Sold at all First-Class Cafes and Jobbers



TRADE MARK

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

THE LAST STAGE.

MRS. DE FASHION.—My dear, late hours, late suppers, and general social dissipation, have ruined your constitution.

MISS DE FASHION (*belle of six seasons*).—I know it, Ma.

"And your health is miserable."

"Yes, Ma."

"And you are losing your beauty."

"It's all gone, Ma."

"It really is; and so is your plumpness."

"I'm nothing but skin and bones."

"There's no use denying it, my dear;—you are a mere wreck of your former self."

"Too true."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Get married."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Why Not Smoke a Pipe?
One "good" cigar costs more than 20 pipefuls of

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke
the standard high-grade pipe tobacco. To make the change from cigars to YALE MIXTURE will cut the cost of smoking to ten cents on the dollar of your daily cigar expense. It's a satisfying economy!

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

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Baltimore, Md.



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of absolute **PURITY**,
fine **BOUQUET** and
moderate **PRICE** has
brought

Great Western

to the first place in
American Champagne, and enabled
it to displace the
high-priced foreign
wines in many homes,
clubs and cafes.

The vintage offered this
season is especially
dry and pleasing.

**Pleasant Valley
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SOLE MAKERS,
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divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address **EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, 180 Monroe St., Chicago.** (If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.)

Mention this Journal, as Adv. is inserted as our Contribution.

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to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund. Subscriptions as low as \$1.00 will entitle the donor to this handsome volume (cloth bound, 8x11), as a souvenir certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works, and is ready for delivery.

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WIDE OF THE MARK

ALL EFFORTS TO EQUAL THE **Remington** Standard Typewriter.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 Broadway, New York.



HIS EXPERIENCE.

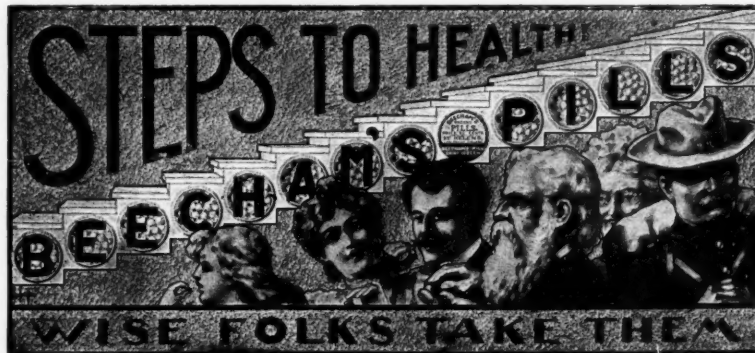
"By the way," said the Sultan, who was preparing a magazine article on 'What I Know About Ultimatums,' "will you look up the records and see how long they gave us on Number 542? It was presented in March or April, 1896."

"That ultimatum," said the private secretary, "was to expire in twenty-four hours."

"Just so," said the Sultan. "And, like the average ultimatum, it expired peacefully."

It warms you in the Winter, cools you in the Summer, and is good at all times, **Cook's Imperial Champagne.**

An appetite coarser: Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters—makes blood and brain, tones the nervous system as nothing else can. Take Abbott's only.



GUSSIE SOFTLEIGH.—Do you think that monkeys speak, Miss Pert?
MISS PERT.—Why, yes. Don't you?—*Norristown Herald.*

THE weather had everybody cake-walking this morning.—*Atchison Globe.*

A CASE OF MUST.

A "made-up" woman from a rain
Will hurry fit to kill;
For if she does n't run, 't is plain
That her complexion will.

L. A. W. Bulletin.

SHE.—They've got a lot of sky-scrapers in New York, now, have n't they?

HE.—Yes; but what they really need is a lot of earth-scrapers. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

SOAKER.—I am troubled with rats in my room, and —

DRUG CLERK.—Yes, sir; bromo or ammonia?—*Yale Record.*



Blakemore Whiskey

7 YEARS OLD

NOTHING BETTER
MADE OR SOLD.

Matured in wood
and bottled in bond
under Governmental
Supervision.

FREIBERG & WORKUM
Cincinnati, Ohio.



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The PUCK Press Puck Building
New York...

A COMPARISON

"Let me write the songs of a country and I care not who makes its laws," quoted the student.

"Well," answered the man who comes from a State where they legislate on cartoons and theatre hats and kissing, "now and then I think there is n't a great deal of choice. It's hard to tell which are foolisher, some of the songs or some of the laws." — *Washington Star*.

PUBLICATION POSTPONED.

WIFE.—What are you writing?

COL. RUNGOOD (*just from Cuba*).—A magazine article, showing that General Fightwell did not act so bravely as is popularly thought; in fact, that at San Juan he managed to keep far in the rear of the battle. The article is about done now.

"All ready for the printer?"

"Oh! I won't print it until after he is dead." — *New York Weekly*.

BILL.—You say your friend was a prolific writer?

JILL.—That's what he was.

"What did he ever do to benefit humanity?"

"He died." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak."



By the Kodak system

Pocket Photography

becomes simple and practical. The Kodak system does away with heavy, fragile, glass plates and cumbersome plate holders, using non-breakable film cartridges which weigh but ounces where plates weigh pounds. Kodaks can be loaded and unloaded in broad daylight.

KODAKS \$5.00 to \$35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

"You can't spell long words like hippopotamus and parallelogram," said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, "dat's where I'm lucky; — I don't have to." — *Washington Star*.

WHEN what women call "dainty" refreshments are served, the men present never get enough to eat. — *Atchison Globe*.

Excuse the déshabille

But notice the Suspender. It has more available stretch than the ordinary Suspender and IT DOES NOT GRADUALLY PLAY OUT. Consequently trousers do not sag and buttons are safe. Careful dressers appreciate the perfection of

Chester Suspenders

Its the graduated cord end used only in the Chester that makes it better than any other Suspender.

The "Endwell" model at 50 cts. The C. S. C. at 25 cts. Sample pairs postpaid on receipt of price. Scarf-fastener free to purchasers who also send name of their furnisher who does not keep them.

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,
4 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.

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by elegant new twin-screw steamer: \$450, including shore excursions, 17 days in Egypt and Holy Land, etc. Excursions to Europe 1899, leave April 1, 22; May 6, 20, 27; June 10, 24; July 1, 5. Special features. Membership limited.

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NARROW TREAD
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ARE BETTER
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The Taper Head permits stronger bracing where the frame strain is greatest, and adds grace to the frame.

We have a handsome catalogue to send you for 2 cents. We want Agents.

MIAMI CYCLE AND MFG. CO., Middletown, O.

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

SHE.—It is useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no.

HE.—Always?

SHE.—Invariably.

HE.—And can nothing ever change your determination when you once make up your mind?

SHE.—Absolutely nothing.

HE.—Well, I would n't care to marry a woman like that, anyhow. — *New York Weekly*.

MONEY FOR AN IDEA.

D. HARPER & CO., Holloway Road, London, England, are open to spend about \$5,000 for unique advertising novelties; small, cheap throwaways; samples and lowest quotations wanted by return Mail for Cash. Telegraphic Address, "Pertaining," London.

If all the men who have had a chance to get rich buying town lots had invested, we would like to know what would be done with all the money. — *Washington Democrat*.

CHIEF.—Has that forger left the country?

DETECTIVE.—No; I have just learned that he is in Manila. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

OCCASIONALLY you discover that a woman you have never thought good-looking, thinks she is. — *Atchison Globe*.

**JOHNSON'S
DIGESTIVE
TABLETS**
DIGEST ANY KIND
OF FOOD KNOWN
TO MAN

**HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,**
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street,
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

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L. C. JANDORF & CO., 221 Broadway, N. Y.
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CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,
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In every bottle of Evans' Ale you get two glasses full to the brim with the fragrance of a field of ripe hops and a sparkling string of beady foam around the brim like pearls in an amber setting. Evans' is the only ale free from dregs and sediment and brilliant and clear to the last drop.



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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 50c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

PUCK.

HIS EASTER.

EASTER DAY in the Philippines—
Such an event by custom means
A walk to church, a service there,
And homeward stroll with a maiden fair.
Here—a day in the trenches spent,
Where I'm everlastingly keeping Lent
By giving up what I most prefer—
A sight of home, and a glimpse of her.

Easter Day in the Philippines.
An Easter dinner of bacon and beans.
Lord—or in lieu of you, Uncle Sam—
Give me a chance at some peas and lamb!
Let me exchange this garb of blue
For garments correct in cut and hue,
And put me in line with the other men
On their way to church at half-past ten.

Easter Day in the Philippines.
My heart is hungry for other scenes.
I wonder who in the deuce will go
To drive with a certain girl I know,
And had she rather that I appear?
And is she conscious I'm sitting here,
Several thousand miles away,
Longing for her on Easter Day?

Edwin L. Sabin.

